

THE DAILY HERALD.

Published Every Day by
THE HERALD COMPANYOFFICE: THE HERALD block, corner
West Temple and First South streets, Salt
Lake City.TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
DAILY, PER MONTH, 50 CENTS
SIX MONTHS, \$2.50
YEARLY, \$4.50
Single Copies, 10 CENTS
Sunday, per year, \$1.00COMPLAINTS.—Subscribers who fail to
receive a copy of THE HERALD
should immediately notify the publisher.
Readers who are unable to purchase
THE HERALD at any news stand or on
any railroad train in Utah, Idaho, Ne-
vada, Wyoming or Colorado, will oblige
us by reporting that fact.NEW YORK OFFICE.—E. Katz, 120 to
122 Temple Court building.
WASHINGTON BUREAU.—West End
National Bank building, 1115 G street, N.
W.OGDEN BUREAU.—Utah Loan and
Trust company building.
Address all remittances to HERALD
COMPANY.Subscribers removing from one place to
another, and desiring papers changed,
should always give full name, as well as
present address.

NOW FOR THE SALT PALACE.

Early this week a committee of promi-
nent business men, appointed for the
purpose, will begin the work of securing
subscriptions for the erection of the
Salt Palace and carrying the affairs
connected with it to a successful con-
clusion. The Herald believes the plan
is a good one and that it means much
for the commercial welfare of the city
and the state. The citizens associated
in the movement are leaders in busi-
ness affairs and the Herald bespeaks
for them the active support of every
one interested in the progress of the
community.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Christmas is the holiday of civiliza-
tion.
Nations have their natal days, history
its anniversaries, creeds their
festivals and feasts. But this is the
natal day of Christianity, the festival
of humanity.

Holidays are born of revolution, bap-
tized in blood, tried in fire, purified in
love, and sanctified on the altar of
heroic devotion.

Thus the holidays of nations are es-
tablished. Thus the holidays of religion
are established.

Christmas comes to us from a lowly
manger; it comes through a holy sepul-
cher; for across the cradle of the
Christ there fell the shadow of a cross.
It comes to us through centuries of in-
tolerance and persecution. It has sur-
vived its Pilates and its Peters, its Ju-
das and its Caesars.

By instinctive agreement, apparently,
it has been set apart throughout the
modern world for the celebration of its
memories, for the cultivation of those
traits that most exalt mankind, for the
exercise of those virtues which redeem
the world.

Whether in the rude barns of Bethle-
hem or in the stately palaces of Rome,
whether in the soldier's tent or in the
mansions of the rich, amid the snows
of Norway or beneath the palms of
Mexico, upon the cold Yukon or among
the lakes of the southland, it is a day
observed somehow, by some one, in the
spirit of kindness, of concern for others,
which marks Christmas in what-
ever form or creed we find it.

It has been so for ages. It has been
approaching the ideal nearer and
nearer. The controlling sentiment of
this day was with the early Christians
in their catacomb retreats; it was in
the grove temples of the Druids, for it
went beyond the circle which under-
stood its import. It was felt by the
ancient Germans in their tents and
among their bivouacs; and some of the
sweetest legends of the time they sent
us.

Christmas is a day of unselfish fel-
lowship. It is a day that makes the
whole world kin. It is a day that
blesses the earth. It is blessed to them
who receive; it is doubly blessed to
them who give.

WOMAN'S RAPID PROGRESS.

As the sphere of woman expands her
exclusive rights and privileges drop
away. The time is coming when she
will not only be allowed, but required
to testify concerning her husband.

It has not been long since the hus-
band, in all of the older states, was
held responsible for the wrongdoing of
his other half. If she contracted debts
he was made to pay them. If she in-
flicted injuries he had to settle the
damages. In other words, he incurred
the expense, and he paid the freight.

But the supreme court of Massachu-
setts has just handed down an opinion,
which not only upsets this whole order,
but actually reverses it. The court
holds that a married woman is civilly
responsible for injuries done by her
husband.

In the case considered an assault and
battery was committed by a man while
doing some errand upon which his wife
had sent him. The battered individual
sued the husband, who was poor, and
sued the wife, who was rich. And, al-
though it was shown that the wife
did not press when the encounter
took place, and admitted that she had
not advised or coerced her husband so
that he assaulted the plaintiff, the court
took a singular view of the case, and
found her liable for the damage done.

The defense not only urged her per-
sonal innocence of the particular wrong
done, but argued that if she had been
present or had even done the deed her-
self, owing to the presence of her hus-
band, it would have been a natural pre-
sumption that she had acted under his
coercion, and so could not have been
held liable; and counsel for the defense
insisted that "a fortiori, she ought not
to be held liable when absent."

But the learned court, trying to keep
pace with the times, seems to have
passed them a little. Like the dog and
the wolf of the story, and instead of
viewing the rights of woman from a
standpoint of equality, seems to look
upon her responsibilities as graver even
than those of man.

And the conservative east is at the
bottom of all this. For Maine and Mas-
sachusetts precedents are cited as au-
thority.

THE WORLD GROWING BETTER.

There is such a difference between
this Christmas and those of a thou-
sand years ago, of five hundred years
ago, and, for that matter, those of
one hundred years ago, that the pres-
ent and his theories are put to shame.
Even the strictest of civilization dur-
ing the past year, the happiness borne

to dishonored people, and liberty to
those who never knew it before, make
this Christmas morning one of the
brightest that ever dawned on the
world.

Sixteen centuries ago the day was
celebrated in a little church at Nicom-
edia. The Christians were gathered
for worship. The house was full. The
emperor, Diocletian, caused the doors to
be closed, and the church and all
who were in it were burned. Not one
Christian escaped.

Eight centuries ago the coronation of
William the Norman took place on
Christmas day. It was celebrated with
a frightful massacre of unoffending
people. Two years later this king
marched against the northern provin-
ces, and on Christmas day there was
a wholesale slaughter of men, women
and children.

Some seven centuries ago Thomas
a Becket preached a Christmas sermon
in the cathedral church at Canterbury
which aroused a resentment in royal
circles that culminated in his death.
Wickliffe died in 1384 as he was pre-
paring to preach to a Christmas con-
gregation.

Six centuries ago Lord Cobham was
roasted alive and in chains at a public
celebration at Christmas time, because
some priest charged him with heresy
and treason.

Who can say that the world has not
grown better? Such shocking scenes
no longer mar the glory of the day.
Such brutality is not the event of the
Christmas of today. It has spread its
influence through the world. It has
softened the human heart. It is a day
of love and mercy; a day of joy; a day
of brotherhood and fellowship.

CHARITY AMONG THE POOR.

It is believed by philanthropists who
go among the poor that there is more
real charity in the realm of poverty
than there is among the well-to-do;
that they are more willing to help one
another and more considerate of the
welfare of fellow-beings, that they are
more sympathetic, kind and generous
than those of better fortune.

There are many reasons for this. These
who feel the pangs of want appreciate
its distress more keenly. No one can
realize the infinite torture of seeing
loved ones deprived of proper care and
nourishment like the man or woman
who has experienced it. Now and then
some kind, thoughtful angel, or some
tender-hearted man will look upon a
scene of suffering, will listen to a tale
of privation and sense the situation.
But it is rare indeed that those who
know it not can let their hearts go out
to the poor and the distressed.

People who are in comfortable cir-
cumstances, who are secure in the present
and sure of the future, are used to
associates who never draw upon their
sympathy, who do not need their gen-
erosity, who are not required to de-
velop that sense of sympathy for hu-
man suffering and charity for the
needy that experience and constant
contact are sure to cultivate.

The poor are wondrously kind to each
other; and yet we imagine they accept
aid with less of gratitude and thank-
fulness than once they did. This may
be only imagination. Yet their star-
ling angels seem to demand contribu-
tions now where once they requested
them; they ask in a business way
rather than in the old-fashioned, kindly
manner of soliciting help in a
glorious cause.

Charity should be voluntary. The
needs of poverty should be presented.
The gospel of generosity should be
preached. But involuntary charity is
not a virtue. It is not real charity. It
is a form of submission to a popu-
lar extortion. Still, however it is given,
in whatever spirit, with what regret, it
may relieve suffering somewhere.

THE TROOPERS HOME AGAIN.

Captain Caine's cavalry has been
mustered out. The boys will reach
home today. It is thought.
Utah's troopers have been seen.
Certainly it was not what they ex-
pected when they enlisted; nor was it
all they desired. But it was service;
active, actual service. They took the
place of the regulars at the parks
while the regulars went to the front.
But this was not the wish of the
troopers. They wanted an arrangement of
the war department.

The men who enlisted, but never had
an opportunity to reach a battleground,
should not be entirely overlooked in
the honors and the praises being heaped
upon the heroes of the conflict. The
soldiers who have patiently discharged
their duties in a less conspicuous sta-
tion, who have borne the burdens of the
camp, or chafed under the bonds of
restraint with no chance for distinction
and only a faint hope of appreciation,
should be remembered.

They are heroes who were ready at
the call. Their offering was all that
any gave. If it was not accepted as a
sacrifice by the god of war it was not
the fault of the volunteer.

The troopers are welcomed back to
the ranks of useful citizenship again.

SUCH A MAN MUST READ.

To the Editor of The Herald:
I am afraid I will not be able to take
your excellent paper any longer. I like
it, but the fact is that McKinley's pro-
pensity has not struck this neck of the
woods yet, and there is no immediate
probability of its doing so, as he has no
pets here. He talks about the increased
circulation of money. Does he think we
are all incapable of understanding our
own condition? There is more tax paid
and money borrowed to pay it each year
ever. The war tax, regular internal re-
venues, tariff taxes, state taxes and the
local taxes are all too much for the
people. So the prosperity must be with
the president and his pets, instead of
the people. But they claim they are
doing it for humanity. Is it humane to
release people from government when they
cannot govern themselves and don't seem
to recognize any rule but that of cold
lead and chains anyhow? Is it humane to
tax their lives away from neglect and disease
just to give syndicates a chance to build
up the fortunes of the soldiers have
cleared the way for them? This is not
the kind of humanity I have been taught
to believe in.
C. J. ALDRICH.

The correspondent takes a very
gloomy view of things. In the first
place, he cannot do without The Herald.
His letter shows that he is a man of
thought, that he knows track of public
events, and knows the trend of the gov-
ernment. Such a man must read The
Herald. A good newspaper is as
much of a necessity to him as is one
of his daily meals. In fact, it would
be strange if his mind did not hunger
for reading as much as his stomach for
food.

Then his ideas of prosperity are alto-

gether too exalted. He had no right to
expect anything in that line under the
present administration, and yet the re-
sults of a war being not commercial
activity for a time in spite of adverse
financial conditions in general. There
will be a temporary inflation, not alone
because of the war, but for the reason
that such revivals invariably follow
panics. And the times of today are
treading on the heels of both war and
panic.

The policy of the president concern-
ing the island acquisitions has not yet
been determined. He omitted all refer-
ence to it in his message, and his un-
official breath has been hot and cold.
When he finally makes up his mind
there is some doubt as to whether he
should be credited or blamed for the
position he takes. For McKinley is not
strong—he is merely prudent.

MILLIONS IN THE HILLS.

There is an activity in Salt Lake
mining circles at present which may be
likened to a boom, but there is such a
prejudice in this section against booms
that the comparison may seem odd.

There are millions upon millions in
the mountains of Utah, all undiscover-
ed, and millions glistening in the
glare of the miner's lamp every day.
Enough rich ore is in sight already to
justify the excitement now on. It is
not a boom. It is an effort to get hold
of good properties, to seize opportuni-
ties as they are presented, to be ever
ready to answer to the knock of for-
tune which pauses at no man's door
the second time, they say.

A reaction from Klondike has set in.
All the country has the mining fever;
the Yukon excitement started it, but is
unequal to the task of either curing or
feeding it.

It is well when so many have the
mining fever to let them know that
Utah has the mines. Prospecting here
is a picnic excursion compared with a
trip to the ice-bound regions of the
north. Mining here is more profitable
than anywhere else in the world.

The climate, on an average, is good
enough to render ten-fold comfort-
able nine months out of the year. In the
southern part of the state one may get
along outdoors the year around. And
it is in southern Utah that the future
wealth of the state will be found. With
railroad facilities, such as are being
supplied as rapidly as possible, there
will be an opening of "Dixie" to a com-
mercial prosperity that the people
never imagined would come to pass.
There will be camps on every stream,
and towns springing up in a night, and
great mills sending up their smoke like
incense to the heaven which smiles
upon them.

And the old abandoned mines, the
tailings and the refuse of other days
will be of use. The old machinery will be
used over under new conditions, with
modern contrivances and processes, and
made to pay.

There is an era of prosperity open-
ing up for Utah, notwithstanding the
monetary legislation and adverse
general conditions. It is a property
that nature yields; a wealth that in-
dustry uncovers in the hills; an assur-
ance of growth that cannot be checked
by tariff, territorial expansion scares,
social monometalism, sectarian wars or
political plots.

The hills of Utah are full of wealth
and the people are filled with courage
and confidence.

Welcome, Battery C! You went away
followed by tears and cheers. You re-
turn greeted with smiles and cheers.
You did your duty as it was allotted
you. The smoke of battle was not your
portion. You are not to blame for that.
For you were ready. You were of the
few chosen. But there were heroes who
never reached the front. All could not
be favored.

The spirit of giving at Christmas time
is in harmony with the spirit of the
festival. The tendency is to keep alive
and active those impulses and inspira-
tions which form the mainstay of so-
ciety, the basis of morality, the soul
of religion.

One of the principal obstacles to the
construction of the Nicaragua canal is
the Cooch dam. It will have to be con-
siderably larger than the tinker's ditty,
and promises to become as celebrated
as its Yuba contemporary.

It was a big undertaking to supply
beef to the American army in Puerto
Rico. Therefore, undertakers were en-
gaged for the purpose. This accounts
for the beef being embalmed.

Sagasta, like his government, is
trembling in the balance. Death hovers
over him, even as dissolution hangs
over Spain.

Senator Chandler deprecates the use
of booze in campaigns. And he is a
lifelong Republican!

Bryan enlisted and found nothing but
peace; he resigned to fight.

Queer Answers.

(Chicago News.)
Here are some answers to examina-
tion papers collected by a Chicago
school teacher:

"The doctrine of evolution began with
the beginning of life, and grew higher
and higher, until it at last regenerated
into monkey. This process was so slow
that neither the man nor the monkey
knew anything about it."

"A germ is a name applied to a par-
ticular particle, which sub-nuclear or-
ganism, which when demonstrated,
causes disease."

"A germ is a tiny insect, sometimes
found in the diseases or organs. It is
so very small that it can only be seen
by a telescope. That is why diseases
are contagious. At times it appears like
the head of a pin, but it goes floating
around in the atmosphere."

"Habeas corpus means you may have
the head and I will take the body."

"The germ theory of diseases is con-
tinually floating around in the air and
is very dangerous, especially when the
atmosphere is unwholesome."

"A dowager is a widow without
joins."

Chopping Him Off.

(Puck.)

Borrowy (effusively)—Hot Grimshaw,
is this really you, old man? Haven't you
sold out an' thought you were dead,
don't you know, and—
Grimshaw—Just keep on thinking so,
Borrowy.

Taking It With Him.

(Puck.)

"I see," said the first snail, "that you
have been up your nose up to the
top of the nose."

"That's right," said the second snail;
"I'm on the nose."

And he piddled cheerily along.

UTAH'S THIRD LEGISLATURE.



HON. SHERMAN S. SMITH.

The lone Populist who will sit in Utah's Third legislature was
elected on the Cannon or fusion ticket in Weber county. His name is
Sherman S. Smith, and he is a newspaper man, being editor and pub-
lisher of the American X-Ray at Ogden. Prior to beginning the publi-
cation of that paper he owned and conducted the Utah Democrat.

Mr. Smith was born in Iowa, and farming pursuits occupied his
earlier days in Iowa and Nebraska till 1892, when he purchased a
printing plant. He has resided in Ogden about five years. Mr. Smith
is strongly in favor of flat money.

Prior to coming to Ogden, Mr. Smith was chairman of the Buffalo
county, Nebraska, Populist committee, was chairman of the Weber
county Populists at the time of his nomination, and is a member of
the state and national Populist committees.

WITTY MR. CHOATE.

He Has a Keen Humor and Would
Grace the Court of St. James.

(New York Herald.)
There are many men who do not like
Mr. Joseph H. Choate, who is said to be
President McKinley's personal
choice for ambassador to the court of
St. James to succeed Mr. Hay. But
they are in the minority. They are, for
the most part, distinguished personages
in business and politics, who have felt
the sting of his sarcasm and the lash
of his ridicule. Mr. Choate can say
more mean things about a man on the
opposite side and say them in a per-
fectly good-natured way than any
man who ever achieved a reputation
for wit. He says the meanest things to
delight his auditors and set his victims
writhing. He hits at big men in finance
and big men in politics alike.

Who will forget his caricature of
Mother Goose in the great Van Wyck-
Tracy-Low campaign of 1897 at Car-
negie hall? Mr. Choate took the stump
for Low. The Republican, who was de-
termined to not let anything that Low
should not be elected, and was aiding
Van Wyck, Mr. Croker's candidate, in
every way. Pausing in his description
of the candidate, he said: "This is a
political party, Mr. Choate, who is
said to be a poor man."

Tom Platt
Could not do fat,
Croker could not do lean;
And so between them both,
I quoth,
They liked the platter clean.

"Turgidous applause, lasting several
minutes," said the newspaper reports
the next morning.
Mr. Choate's wit has sometimes been
too fine for the memory of his auditors.
He has said many things about Richard
Croker in connection with Tammany's
refusal to renounce Judge Daly. Mr.
Croker, retorting, said that Mr. Choate
was the attorney for trusts and
corporations, and rich men, and un-
like his illustrious kinsman, Rufus
Choate, he had never taken a poor
man's case.

Mr. Choate's retort the next time he
made a speech was delicious. It was again
in Carnegie hall. He discovered the charge of in-
dignity to poor clients Mr. Croker
had brought against him, and said:
"If Mr. Croker will let his mind go
back a few years he will doubtless re-
call when he took a case for a client
who was, on his own sworn testimony,
a poor man."

As for the memory of New York
audiences? Those present thought Mr.
Choate was superb. He was eloquent,
self, and was alighting to his taking the
case of Laidlaw against Russell Sage.
He was, as a matter of fact, speaking
of the time, when he was elected as
counsel for Richard Croker before the
Fassett committee, at which time Mr.
Choate had sworn that a few years
before he was a poor man. In eight
short years everybody in a great au-
dience of 5,000 persons had forgotten
the Fassett committee, and Mr. Choate
privately expressed regret that he had
not brought the same argument
before the committee.

"Speak louder, Mr. Sage," said Mr.
Choate to the aged financier when he
had him on the stand in the Laidlaw
suit. Speak as loud as if you were
buying 1,000 shares of Missouri, Kansas
& Texas on the stock exchange."

Mr. Choate on that occasion took Mr.
Sage back to his boyhood days, when
he created jackknives and various
knickknacks.

"Were you as clever, Mr. Sage," asked
Mr. Choate, "in trading buttons as
you are now reputed to be in trading
railroads?"

Mr. Choate has made much more
than \$1,000,000 at the practice of law.
He has won some of the most famous
suits of the age. He was one of the
counsel against the income tax law.
The great lawyer has a country home
in Stockbridge, Mass. There he spends
three months every year. He seldom
goes to the city during the summer.
He is an athlete. In his study are a
pair of boxing gloves, much worn. He
is exceedingly regular in his habits. He
never eats too much. He never drinks
too much. He never missed a good
night's rest in his life.

The only times in recent years Mr.
Choate has been a candidate for office
were in 1896, when he was elected as
a member of the constitutional conven-
tion, and in 1897, when he ran against
Platt for United States senator. Platt
got 12 votes. Choate got 7.

Mr. Choate has been president of the
New England club and president of the
New England scholar. He is a great
whole bugger. Once he and
Roscoe Conkling were pitted against
each other in the Huntington railroad
suit. Mr. Choate had nettled Mr. Conk-
ling, and Mr. Conkling retorted by read-
ing in court a most damaging and
flattering description of Mr. Choate,
printed in a newspaper. The court and
jury were convulsed with Mr. Conk-
ling's comments. Quick as a flash Mr.
Choate said he would let the descrip-
tion go without objection if the court
would permit him to file for his side an
exhibit of Mr. Conkling, drawn by im-

mortal pen, and quoted off-hand from
Shakespeare:
"See what a grace is seated on this
brow;
Hyperion's curl, the front of Jove him-
self;
An eye, like Mars, to threaten and com-
mand—
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his
seal;
To give the world assurance of a man."
Like Chaucer's Mr. Depew, Mr. Choate
says he has been endeavoring to live
down a reputation as an after-dinner
wit, but that is one of Mr. Choate's
jokes.

THE ONLY "JIM BLUDSOE."

Oliver Fairchild Was Hay's Hero and
He Died Many Years Ago.

(New York Tribune.)
The occasional rumor of the death in
the Mississippi valley or in the far
west of the alleged "original Jim Blud-
soe," who, according to newspaper dis-
patches published in recent years, must
have been an exceedingly ubiquitous
individual, has had another renaissance
recently in the obituary notice, widely
copied throughout the country, of one
Captain W. P. Lamothe, the only truly
native son of the New York Tribune.
The notice, which was headed "The
death of the original Jim Bludsoe," was
a most estimable mariner of inland
waters no longer lives. There was only
one real Jim Bludsoe, engineer "of the
Prairie Belle," and it is a great many
years ago that the present secretary of
state said of him: "Well, no; I can't
tell what he lives. Because he don't
live, you see."

The real Jim Bludsoe, who gave his
life that others might live, was no
mere fancy, but a veritable hero, who
perished in a burning steamer precisely
as related in one of the best known
tales in the English language. Secre-
tary Hay knew the original Jim Blud-
soe of the Prairie Belle, who, in real
life, was Oliver Fairchild, and when
afterward he went on the editorial
staff of the New York Tribune, he
engineer, the father of the young man,
had lost his life under just such cir-
cumstances as related in the poem,
while sticking to the engines of the
damaged steamer, lying between Mon-
tana and St. Louis. The fashion had
independent horizontal engines, each
one driving a huge paddle wheel as is
common on all of the western and
southern river steamers. This ar-
rangement of independent wheels was
adopted in order that one could be
stopped or reversed, while the other
went on. The incident, which was the
twisting of the vessel in the tortuous
bends of the rivers. The engineer of
such a steamer was second in impor-
tance aboard to the pilot alone, and it
required an active, resourceful man to
fill the position, especially in times of
danger, or when another steamer was
overaken and a race ensued. Such a
race with the Missouri, it will be re-
membered, caused the catastrophe of
the Prairie Belle. Every one is famil-
iar with the skillful wood picture of the
damaged steamer making its way be-
tween the rocks, and the willer
bank on the right, and Jim's em-
phatic refusal to leave his post.

About the time that Mr. Hay was
temporarily in charge of the Tribune,
a controversy arose between Mark
Twain and himself over what appeared
to be a technical incongruity in the lit-
erature of the day. Twain holding that an
engineer could not have performed the
heroism ascribed to him, as the steer-
ing of the vessel was altogether the
pilot's duty. Mark Twain's hypothesis,
based upon his own extensive experi-
ence as a river pilot, might ordinarily
have carried conviction, had not Mr.
Hay had the unassailable argument of
historical exactitude on his side; for,
as a matter of fact, the steering gear
of the steamer was under the control
of the engineer, and not the pilot. The
steering of the vessel was altogether the
pilot's duty. Mark Twain's hypothesis,
based upon his own extensive experi-
ence as a river pilot, might ordinarily
have carried conviction, had not Mr.
Hay had the unassailable argument of
historical exactitude on his side; for,
as a matter of fact, the steering gear
of the steamer was under the control
of the engineer, and not the pilot. The
steering of the vessel was altogether the
pilot's duty. Mark Twain's hypothesis,
based upon his own extensive experi-
ence as a river pilot, might ordinarily
have carried conviction, had not Mr.
Hay had the unassailable argument of
historical exactitude on his side; for,
as a matter of fact, the steering gear
of the steamer was under the control
of the engineer, and not the pilot. The
steering of the vessel was altogether the
pilot's duty. Mark Twain's hypothesis,
based upon his own extensive experi-
ence as a river pilot, might ordinarily
have carried conviction, had not Mr.
Hay had the unassailable argument of
historical exactitude on his side; for,
as a matter of fact, the steering gear
of the steamer was under the control
of the engineer, and not the pilot. The
steering of the vessel was altogether the
pilot's duty. Mark Twain's hypothesis,
based upon his own extensive experi-
ence as a river pilot, might ordinarily
have carried conviction, had not Mr.
Hay had the unassailable argument of
historical exactitude on his side; for,
as a matter of fact, the steering gear
of the steamer was under the control
of the engineer, and not the pilot. The
steering of the vessel was altogether the
pilot's duty. Mark Twain's hypothesis,
based upon his own extensive experi-
ence as a river pilot, might ordinarily
have carried conviction, had not Mr.
Hay had the unassailable argument of
historical exactitude on his side; for,
as a matter of fact, the steering gear
of the steamer was under the control
of the engineer, and not the pilot. The
steering of the vessel was altogether the
pilot's duty. Mark Twain's hypothesis,
based upon his own extensive experi-
ence as a river pilot, might ordinarily
have carried conviction, had not Mr.
Hay had the unassailable argument of
historical exactitude on his side; for,
as a matter of fact, the steering gear
of the steamer was under the control
of the engineer, and not the pilot. The
steering of the vessel was altogether the
pilot's duty. Mark Twain's hypothesis,
based upon his own extensive experi-
ence as a river pilot, might ordinarily
have carried conviction, had not Mr.
Hay had the unassailable argument of
historical exactitude on his side; for,
as a matter of fact, the steering gear
of the steamer was under the control
of the engineer, and not the pilot. The
steering of the vessel was altogether the
pilot's duty. Mark Twain's hypothesis,
based upon his own extensive experi-
ence as a river pilot, might ordinarily
have carried conviction, had not Mr.
Hay had the unassailable argument of
historical exactitude on his side; for,
as a matter of fact, the steering gear
of the steamer was under the control
of the engineer,